"JOHN BULL'S" LATEST GIFT PEN. See page 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 578 SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 643274.
For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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BY CHARLES PALMER

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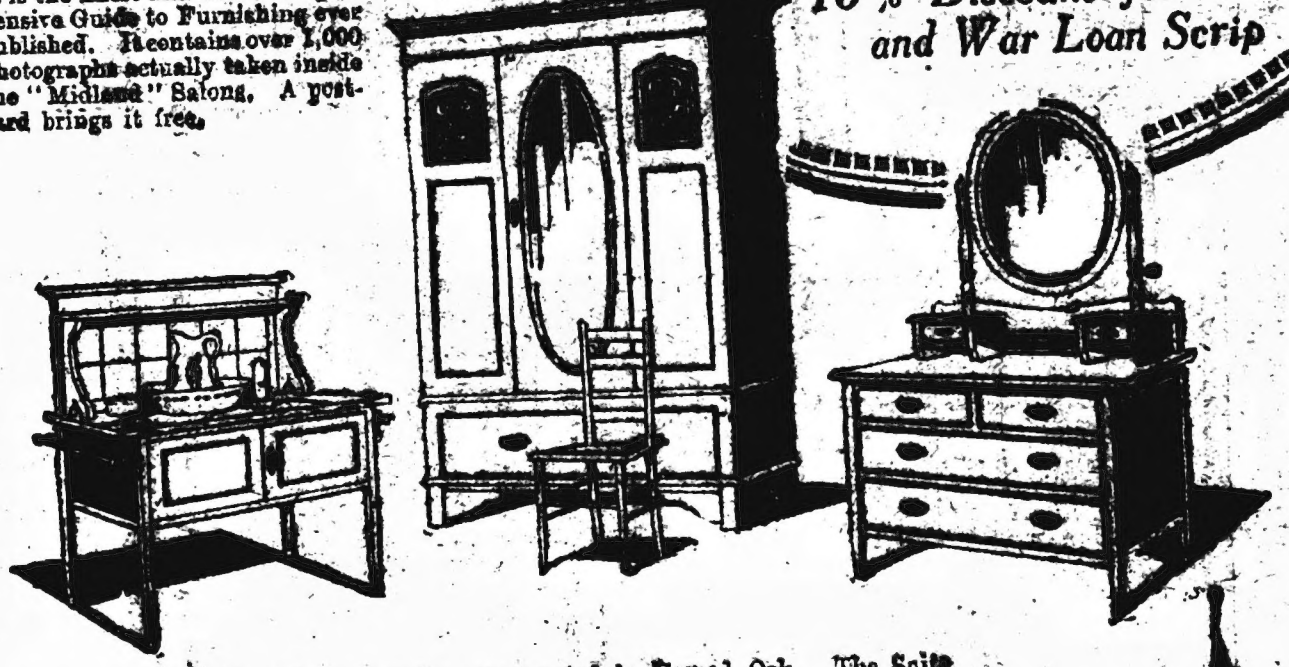

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 4

JOHN BULL

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Vol. XXI. No. 578. Week ending Saturday, June 30th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Lord French.

In both our leading article last week and that which we published from the pen of Mr. Pemberton Billing, we suggested that Lord French was responsible for our failure to grapple with the recent enemy air raids. We are now satisfied that we have done the gallant Field Marshal an injustice. Next week we will tell you why—and you will be amazed.

Watch Spain.

That is what we told you a few weeks ago. Alfonso's number is up.

Ramsay's Plight.

Have you heard the story of how the Government endeavoured to get Mr. Macdonald away on board a Russian boat, and of how the crew unanimously passed a resolution declining to take him?

The Secret Out.

By the way, did you read that article in the *Daily Mail* the other day, from its Special Correspondent at Stockholm, in which it was stated that "the hostility to Mr. Macdonald was due not to any specific thing he had said or done, but to the general impression of his low-down villainy derived from the scrupulously impartial columns of JOHN BULL"?

Mr. Henderson's New Post.

Don't be surprised if you find Mr. Henderson made Ambassador to Russia. That would mean the retention of Mr. Barnes in the War Cabinet—which would not be tidings of comfort and joy to the goody-goodies.

Prince Christian.

Now that the King is denuding the children of Prince Christian of their Germhun titles, it would be interesting to know whether the Prince himself will retain his job as Keeper of the Royal Parks. Surely this is no time for allowing alien subjects to enjoy British sinecures.

A Conundrum.

A correspondent in an Aberdeen paper asks: "In the event of this country turning into a Republic, which of the following would be the first President—Lloyd George, Charlie Chaplin, or Horatio Bottomley?" The correct betting, of course, would be "2 to 1 the field"—but we will take less.

Journalist Statesmen.

Have you noticed how many of the most eminent statesmen of France are members of the journalistic profession? That's all!

"Name!"

In a recent despatch from the Front, we are told of the wonderful air exploits of "Lieut. X." and Captain "Y." Why this idiotic nonsense?

Wrong.

According to Bert Tonn—the "Up-to-date Comedian"—"the next Premier will *be*—Horatio Bottomlee." As a matter of fact, his name will be Bonar Law.

"Literature and Journalism."

This was the slyly worded toast to which we were called upon to respond the other night at the anniversary dinner of the Printers' Pensions Corporation. The next thing we shall see on the toast list will be "Statesmanship and Politics." Of course, in each case the two things should be synonymous.

War Dinners.

By the way, what ghastly things public dinner menus are becoming. One of the items at the "Banquet" just referred to was "Strawberries—no sugar"; whilst instead of bread we were "rationed" with a 2 oz. concoction called an oatmeal biscuit. After this, we shall feel justified in running one racehorse, as 2 oz. of oats per head of the population per annum is what the stoppage of racing would mean—and we promise not to eat another of those biscuits for a year!

Official!

What on earth did Mr. Bonar Law mean when he told the House the other night that the Government had an "official assurance" that the placing of British prisoners in Freiburg and elsewhere had nothing to do with the possibility of British air reprisals? Let us put our most important prisoners on the East Coast—with similar assurances.

Our New Name.

Referring to a recent misprint of a contemporary, by which we were described as "Hotairio Bottomley," the *Daily News* says: "'Hotairio' should live—it is a stroke of genius." More like a stroke of paralysis.

We Blush.

A Port Elizabeth reader sends us a report of an address delivered by the Rev. C. H. Clapp, who said that: "During the last 120 years there had been three great men in British history named Horatio—Horatio Nelson, Horatio Kitchener, and Horatio Bottomley. Only when history is written would we know the great influence that last man had exercised on the life of his day." Three claps for Mr. Clapp!

Our Free War Insurance. Nearly One Thousand Claims paid. See page iii of cover.

Business.

By degrees the Prime Minister is learning the meaning of Business Government. The appointment, for instance, of Mr. Harry Grayson, the head of a great Liverpool ship-repairing firm, to take control of marine repairing work throughout the country, is a case in point.

Silly Silence.

When will the Government put an end to the silly practice of concealing the names of bombed coast towns, especially when German Taubes fly over them about once a week? Do our politicians think those Taubes get lost and just happen along by chance? If so, it's a pity our legislators don't take up flying as a pastime.

Racing.

So the Government has had to admit its error. As we said at the great Queen's Hall meeting, horse-owners and breeders would be a callous crowd—devoid of all moral perspective—if in these days they were actuated by purely selfish interests, the true principle of the agitation being that the Government must not, under the guise of War Emergency Legislation, itself be prompted by sinister and ulterior motives. Chadband and Stiggins have been having the time of their lives.

Lord Devonport's Difficulty.

Without beating about the bush, we cannot help feeling that Lord Devonport must more than once have felt embarrassed, when discharging the duties of Food Controller; by the fact that he is—or was till quite recently—a very large holder of ordinary shares in the International Stores, the bulk of which were allotted to him as fully-paid on the formation of the company, and some of which were acquired by him since. We may mention that we had something to do with its inauguration.

Soldiers' Unclaimed Money.

Apropos of our campaign for the handing over to the State of all dormant balances and unclaimed securities in the hands of the bankers, here is an illustration of how unclaimed funds accumulate: The War Office already has nearly £20,000 in hand, being the total of the sums found on soldiers killed in action. The Act of Parliament requires that the names of these men should be published in the Army List! What is the good of that? The Army List is not now even purchasable by the public! If the War Office will supply us with the necessary particulars, we will publish the list free. Now then, Lord Derby.

Treasury Counsel.

Another illustration of the methods of Treasury Counsel, when conducting a criminal prosecution, came to our notice the other day. A boy of 16 was charged with being concerned in a burglary, and the police witness stated that he discovered on the prisoner "two pistols and a mask." They turned out, on cross-examination, to be two toy pistols, worth about 4d. each, and a little leather nose-cover. "The prisoner was acquitted," is the only comment of the reporter. Perhaps "F. E." will have a word to say.

The Pumpuritan's Triumph.

A word-picture from Barrow: "This weather it *is* warm down in the hold of a steamer; also at the furnace, or press in the shell shop. So you can fancy the workers rushing out, sweating and exhausted, at 12.30, and at 8.20, trying at half-a-dozen places for a pint of beer, only to be told half-a-pint is 4½d., or else there is none at all. But the women, their wives and daughters, can swarm into the chocolate shops, where the makers of the sweets are the parties who have taken away the workman's beer." The picture is true to life, but our protests have prevailed and more beer, and cheaper, is to be brewed.

"Called-Up"—to Die.

Lord Derby ought not to want a more illustrative case of Army funeral-furnishing than this: Sidney Ernest Nobbs, a Finchley bootmaker—discharged from the Army six months ago through heart trouble—was called up for re-examination at Mill Hill. On the way home he dropped dead. It is rumoured that the recruiting authorities are now thoroughly convinced Nobbs is quite unfit for the Army.

Irish.

Under date June 16th, the *Irish Times* has it that huge quantities of potatoes, held up by Irish farmers last winter, have been exported. "On re-opening the pits in which they were buried several tons in some instances were found to be useless." Can Lord Rhondda inform us whether anybody in Grosvenor House has yet been shot as a precautionary measure against the mishandling of the new crops?

Wasted Food.

And what about those 18,000 boxes of bacon, from America, which have been lying at Bristol until they have rotted, and have now been sold to Armour's for tallow? Why were they stuck in stables and outbuildings instead of in the cold storage? What says Lord Devonport? Think of how the International Stores could have reduced the price if this cargo had been delivered to them!

Haldane Again.

Did you read that recent speech of Lord Haldane in which he said that "there was a time ten years ago when it became plain that Germany was piling up its army in such a way as to make that nation dangerous if it entered its mind to decide to attack, and it was felt that preparations must be made to keep the peace; and steps were taken to insure our house"? We suppose that is why the Army was cut down by over 20,000—with the result that many of our skilled workmen went over to Krupp's to make guns for the Germans. We begin to think that Haldane is mad.

The Salute.

Newspapers in British Columbia tell how finely some wounded Canadians were treated in Cardiff. One outing was almost a perfect day, until four of the men ran into something that jarred. While walking back to hospital they were called sharply to attention by an officer lounging in a motor. He demanded their names for not saluting. The first man could not salute, being wounded in the arms, but said he had "given eyes right." The officer said it was a pity men who fought so well "spoiled it" by not saluting. "Discipline made you fight well," he said. And when the Canadian demurred politely, the officer snapped, "I'll see that you get disciplined in Cardiff!" That type of officer does more harm than good.

"Hocking on the Rum Ration."

Apropos of the Rev. Joseph Hocking on the soldier's rum ration, here is a corporal's comment: "Kindly ask the rev. gent. if he knows what a double ration of rum is? Does he think it amounts to a quart, or even half a pint? If he does not know, tell him it consists of four tablespoonfuls if you are lucky; if not, it is more often only three. So far as his tale is concerned about a British force being held up for months because the men told off for relief failed to arrive as a result of their having been served with a double ration of rum, it is in my belief a tissue of lies." That is precisely our view. Because it is our view we have challenged Mr. Hocking for the name of his officer "authority." It is not forthcoming. The military should take care that he has an opportunity to justify himself before a Magistrate.

You are entitled to a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 15.

Aberdeen's German Professor.

We observe that the Aberdeen University has reappointed its Germhun professor—a gentleman naturalised since the outbreak of the war. Surely it should be an offence for anyone to teach the language of the Hun.

Sugar on the Run.

"H.W.," of Brixton, assures us he has "heard that hundreds of tons of sugar are being held up at the docks in London and running away to waste with its own weight, so much so that the dock hands have to tread through a sea of molasses before they can handle the bags of this precious commodity." We have already heard this, but can anybody corroborate with his own eyes?

Shell-Case Ornaments.

With delicious scorn munitioners view the Departmental disbelief of the workman's story that ornaments were made in Government establishments. "Ask the men who do the work they are told by their foremen to do," writes one with knowledge. "I've seen shell-cases turned into ash-trays; I assisted in doing two of them. On all this work the men get paid at time-and-a-half on the bonus system, so they are not likely to refuse. It is booked on the time-cards as 'Repairs to Press-House Work.'" That happened at Lancaster.

The Leisured Mechanician.

Take another case. Since a certain man joined the R.F.C. at Farnborough a year ago, he vouches he has never done a real day's work. The last month or so he has sent home several small *articles de luxe* of sorts—walking-sticks, small fancy cabinets, work-boxes, and the like—all of which he has been allowed to make out of flying-machine propeller blades, whilst the country is paying him for national service. This is by no means the first revelation we have had of this kind, and we begin to wonder to what extent it is going on in Government workshops elsewhere.

Feeding the Foe.

"Brother" Kent is the dear brother and baker who was convicted and fined for selling bread to German prisoners at Woburn. He is also Secretary of the local Wesleyan Circuit, and at the quarterly meeting it was announced he had sent in his resignation because of "certain events." Whereupon Mr. Bodley," at once and without hesitation," moved that it be not accepted. Bro. Bodley admitted Bro. Kent "had been a little indiscreet"—more than a little, we suggest—but he had obeyed the Divine order, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." But the enemy did not hunger; he was overfed, gorging on more than a Briton's rations. And the Divine law does not include feeding the foe for the sake of profit. For Kent gave no bread; he sold it.

"Pity the Blind!"

Mr. Will Bracey, of Hackney, a well-known vocalist, has been totally blind from birth. On several occasions he was called upon to present himself at the local recruiting station, and each time was sent away on account of his infirmity, a record being made. Some time ago he was again called up, but did not present himself, so the police were sent for him. Notwithstanding his sad state, he has again been ordered to go to Shoreditch for medical examination. Mr. Bracey was led to our office, and we provided him with a letter to the Recruiting Officer at Hackney asking that official to give him his final discharge and cancel the calling up order, but to our amazement this has been refused. We have advised Bracey not to turn up, but to suffer arrest and ventilate this outrage in the dock of the Police Court. Such cases are anything but reassuring to the public mind—already greatly perturbed by previous exhibitions of gross callousness on the part of the Army authorities.

Observation.

Writing quite recently, a Private of the A.S.C. informs us that a ton of potatoes, there or thereabouts, put up in bags, can be seen rotting in a shed at the rear of Canteen No. 1, Lark Hill, Salisbury Plain. "Where," he asks, "is the Food Controller?" He has gone home to recruit his exhausted energies.

Recruiting and the Contrary.

It is surely an anomalous situation when a solicitor acts as recruiting officer while his managing clerk appears before Tribunals to represent applicants who seek exemption. Yet such a situation, lamentably Gilbertian, exists in a Division of Lincolnshire. When Sir Henry Dalziel asked a question on the subject in the House, he was told by Mr. Macpherson that "no complaints had been received on the subject." We believe that reply was not scrupulously correct, but perhaps Mr. Macpherson will note that, if no complaints *have* been made, we beg now to make one.

Patriotism on Payment.

That list of subscribers (Cadburys, Haldane, etc.) to the fund for assisting German prisoners in England, has been published by us, and has also been printed in the monthly report of the British Empire Union. A lady, staying in Folkestone during the raid there, took the list to a local paper, suggesting its publication in the stricken town. Much to her surprise—and ours—the newspaper consented to "insert the same" on payment of about £4. As we blush for our contemporary in Folkestone, we do not name the paper. But we think it should also blush for itself.

Chilwell Munitions Works.

Another of the places into which the recruiting officer never looks is Chilwell Ammunition Works. Every few weeks, we are informed, the management discharge from 30 to 40 men over military age, while the place swarms with fit men who have never been to the Front. "Whose is the 'hidden hand,'" is the question put to us, "that gets exemptions for men passed as C1 and ordered to join up? They are not on skilled work; any soldier could do it." We cannot answer a question like this from the book, but at a venture we should say the hidden hand is up the sleeve of Mr. Official Bunkum.

"The Wrongs of Labour."

Replying to our recent paragraph under this heading, Messrs. Vickers say that the house from which the soldier's wife was evicted forms part of an estate, reserved for their workpeople, which is quite inadequate for the accommodation of those who must live near their place of employment. The woman in question, they assert, after working short time for a fortnight, discontinued attendance at the factory. It was not until four months later that the notice was given her to terminate the tenancy, and before drastic steps were taken it was ascertained that her husband had been released from the Army and had obtained employment with another firm at £6 a week. In these circumstances we agree that no blame rests with the Vickers Company.

Glasgow's Sin.

Apropos of the intervention of the Government for the purpose of stopping the Glasgow Tramway "drawings" for supplying comforts to our boys at the Front, we observe with much pleasure the protest of the Rev. H. S. M'Clelland, on the eve of his departure for active service in France. He says, regarding the attitude of the clerics who wrecked the scheme, "Oh, these brethren of mine who strain at gnats and swallow camels!" Did you notice that to meet the scruples of the "Conscientious Objectors" to "gambling," the tramway provided a special box for *their* subscriptions—with the result that in one week, as against £37 collected, £1,700 was raised by the sale of the tickets?

Your last chance to win £1,000. See page 20.

Free Prisoners.

Often have we protested against the liberties allowed to Huns, nominally interned but free to roam the countryside. Particularly bad reports come from Somersetshire, whence we hear that Germhun prisoners from the camp at Bishop-Lydeard scour the roads on motor-cycles, without any guard. We have not heard of any motor trips from Ruhleben.

An Old Tale.

Again, we are told that the other day three officers and five men, part of the crew of a sunken German submarine, were brought to an English port per mail steamer's 1st class cabin. English officers accompanied them to the railway, escorted them to a saloon carriage, and saw them provided with luncheon baskets. "Victims of their piracy had to travel in the corridors of 3rd class carriages of same train." We do hope such stories as this are not true. But we fear.

Gratuitous, but Profitable.

Handsome praise has been awarded to a number of Consulting Engineers who have been placing their services, gratuitously, at the disposal of the Ministry of Munitions. Does this official connection bar them all, or any of them, from undertaking highly profitable Government contracts? Some of this "gratuitous" service is, we hear, financially rewarded, and at an unnecessarily high rate.

A "Patriotic" Employer.

A nurse, who is an Essex Volunteer, has been dismissed by her employer because she is liable to be called out at any time, and because, after being away on duty most part of one night when a raid was threatened, she was not up to concert-pitch with her work next day. The employer, you see, cannot stand the inconvenience caused to him when a devoted woman strives to aid her fellow-kind. You will not be surprised to hear that the employer has a son who is an Object.

Stingy in the City.

During the London raid all the girls and men employed in the work-rooms of a City firm were thoughtfully summoned down to the ground floor, there being no basement, till the danger was over. On the following Saturday everybody found one hour docked from their pay—time lost during the raid. Just off Golden Lane are the premises of that firm, but following the Golden Lane does not signify following the Golden Mean—only the pretty mean, or very mean.

Another Searching Investigation.

In one part of his speech to the Commissioners on Industrial Unrest, Mr. Lloyd George informed his audience that the Government had already started an investigation into profiteering. They have not only watched the profiteers rob the public, but have actually helped them to do it; and yet we have to wait till 12th June, A.D. 1917, when the war is rising three years of age, to learn that the Government "have already started a searching investigation." Thus are we bled while we are spoofed.

Fish for the Catching.

A sensible and timely proposal was brought before the Dovey, Mawddach and Glaslyn Fishery Board—namely, that one day in each week should be set apart for free fishing with net and rod in both private and common waters, "so that the working-classes would be able to buy fish." By the greed and arrogance of some riparian owners with fishing rights, the proposition was out-voted, and the rivers, with their tons of salmon, are to remain strictly private. It is a great pity that owners of land by the river side should sit so tight to their "rights"; it does not increase one's respect for them.

"Tommy's Washing."

It seems that the women who are paid 7d. per man for washing soldiers' underclothing are, comparatively speaking, in luck. At Caterham, with the Guards, the rate is but 4½d., at Wellington Barracks it is 5d. We must repeat our former suggestion: "What about a little extra?"

An Admiralty Clerk.

"A naturalised German told St. Pancras Tribunal that his son, aged 25 and single, was a clerk at the Admiralty." Assuming, for once, that a German has spoken the truth, the situation is a shameful one. First of all, the man, single as well as young, should be in the Army; secondly, he should not be at the Admiralty now. After he has done his duty to his father's adopted country, we would not begrudge him the post. But he should prove his fitness by fighting for it.

A Funk-Hole.

A friend at Aberdeen says he has been "taking stock of the men employed at the Admiralty Stores" in that City. (We do not call it "the Granite City," because everybody else does.) And he remarks, "That the Stores are overstaffed goes without saying, but what astonished me most was the number of young, healthy, eligible men employed—doing nothing." We are astonished our friend should be astonished. He should know that, of all funk-holes, a Government department is the holiest.

Brevity.

Somewhere in France there's an engine-driver named Flannigin. Owing to shells frequently disturbing the railway lines, engines pretty often run off—when each driver has to wire a report to headquarters. Some of these reports nearly made a book, so an order went forth that "brevity and to the point" should be the engine-driver's motto; and Flannigin took the biscuit with his fifth communication by wire to his chief: "Off agin, on agin, Flannigin." And now they are talking of degrading him to the rank of War Correspondent!

A Soldier's Grave.

The relatives of the late Private Holbrook may be comforted to know that his honourable remains met with respectful treatment by the enemy. The following words were written by a British soldier in a ruined village of France: "There is a German burial-ground here, in what was once the churchyard, and, among their soldiers, they have buried one of ours. They have made for him exactly the same cross as for their own men, and an extra cross, of wire, with 'I.N.R.I.' on it, is laid on his grave. The inscription is: 'Englander Holbrook, North Staffordshire Regt.,' and, in German, 'Here Rests.'"

The Clerk and the Cash.

Messrs. Baker and Halford, of Nottingham, are not pleased with our comment upon the charge of embezzlement they recently brought against a clerk and collector who "often handled from £40 to £70 a day." It was alleged that he had "taken what wasn't his'n" to the amount of £2 18s. He is a married man, with two children, and the newspaper report upon which we based our paragraph stated that his salary was "£1 weekly, recently raised to 22s." Messrs. Baker inform us that, as a matter of fact, the amount was 32s., and we willingly publish the correction. At the same time, we are unable to alter the opinion we expressed—viz., that the man will be much better off in the Army; the case was adjourned to permit him to join up. In these days, a girl typist usually gets more money.

£1,000 for a "Bullet."

This is your last chance to secure this splendid prize. See page 20.

A Happy Thought—Buy a copy of "Everywoman's" for your wife or daughter. One Penny.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

DEAR MR. LAW,—I am by no means satisfied with your assurance that the Government have "an open mind" on the burning question of air raid reprisals. Indeed, I warn you that this state of mental vacuity on the part of Ministers is rapidly exhausting the patience of a long-suffering people, whose just demand is for prompt and vigorous action in reply to the savage atrocities of the flying Huns. After all, we are a democratic nation, free to shape our policy as we choose; and in these matters of life and death, no Government has the right to impede the national will.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alderman Angell, Chairman, Sheffield Watch Committee.

DEAR ANGELL,—Every man has a right to his name, although I gather that many good folks in Sheffield are calling you something quite different. And you have asked for it. You have lent the authority of your position to a miserable Sabbatarian agitation which has no foundation in justice and no basis in true religion. You have given instructions for the prosecution of Sunday traders, and even of their customers—many of them munition workers who, after a week of strenuous labour, have the best of reasons for postponing their shopping until the leisured Sunday morning. It is time such bigotry was swept away by law. JOHN BULL.

To J. F. Green, Esq., Chairman, Executive Committee, British Workers' League, Leicester.

SIR,—Though I cannot say that I know very much about you, as you have been adopted by the League as prospective Candidate for Leicester at the next election, I think I may safely assume that you are a great improvement upon the pernicious pro-Germhun blatherskite Herr von Ramsay Macdonaldbacher, the present £400 a year member of that unhappy and misguided constituency. How he proposes, even with the British Government passport in his pocket, to get to Russia to misrepresent the people of this country, I don't know, for no British merchant seaman will serve aboard the ship which carries him. If the Government really want him to go to betray us to the Germhunised peace-at-any-price anarchists of Petrograd, they will have to smuggle him in a warship or tow him across at the end of some string. So far as I am concerned, he may sink or swim.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Amphlett, Birmingham County Court.

YOUR HONOUR,—That was indeed a distressing case which came before you the other day—when a poor woman, a soldier's wife with a family, was ordered to leave her house to make room for a munition worker. You expressed yourself as deeply pained at having to make the Ejectment Order. But surely you could have tempered mercy with justice and refused to turn this unhappy woman into the street. The husband had been a worker, but had joined the Army. What a reward! By such injustices we sow the seeds of revolution—mark that!

JOHN BULL.

To Robert Davis, Esq., Secretary, Society of Friends.

SIR,—I have in my hands a "message" which you are sending out to the clergy and ministers of all denominations on behalf of the Society of Friends, who in my view would be better designated as the Society of Enemies. To you that will probably appear a harsh misnomer; I can find no other description adequate to a religious body who claim and enjoy every privilege of sanctuary which their country's arms can give in peace as in war, and yet make ostentatious parade of "conscience" which will not permit them to strike a blow in righteous defence of their homeland and the great ideals of humanity, in face of the most infamous and ruthless foe who ever sought to dominate and enslave the world. Now, to crown all, in a "message" not less but perhaps more pernicious because it is tricked out in the guise of Christian idealism, the Society calls on "ministers of Christ" to consider in prayer, in international conference, and in communion, whether it is "really necessary" that the war shall go on. What a shameful question for a Society of Friends!

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Sculcoates Board of Guardians, Hull.

DEAR SIR,—I am not at all surprised at the indignation aroused at your last meeting in the case of a man of the Army Service Corps who, discharged as a "harmless lunatic" after undergoing operations for rupture and varicose veins to qualify for the Army, was sent by the military authorities to your workhouse, and his wife given notice that her separation allowance would be stopped. There is something not only so utterly heartless, so utterly brutal in these continued outrages by the War Office on broken British soldiers, that I find it difficult to characterise them with restraint. They are not casual mistakes. They represent the deliberate policy of soft-cushioned officials drawing handsome salaries in picturesque uniforms. That being how we stand, dear sir, I fear the protest of your Board will be mere vanity and vexation of spirit.

JOHN BULL.

To General Hertzog.

DEAR HERTZY,—What is your little game this time? Do you hope to embarrass Britain by stirring up South African republican sentiment—which is a coward's way of preaching treason? They call you Hertzy out your way; why don't you do something that will entitle some one to call you a *man*? Don't imagine you are fooling the world into thinking you are a true South African patriot, working for the good of South African people. You are not; you are working for Hertzy, and are worm-eaten with jealousy because Generals Smuts and Botha overshadow you. You never had stomach enough to be an open foe, or brains enough to be a leader, or spirit enough to be a martyr—even in a bad cause. Thou'rt a scurvy knave—a German jackal.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Pember Reeves, Director of Women's Service, Ministry of Food, London.

MADAM,—You are reported in one of the Irish newspapers as stating at a Belfast Prohibition meeting that, "speaking as an official of the Government," you could say that "the Government were prepared to introduce war-time Prohibition if the Trade Unions asked for it." What reason or authority you have for this statement I do not know, but I may say I am about to suggest that when Mr. Lloyd George next holds a Cabinet meeting he should carefully close the door and drop the curtain lest you should be listening at the keyhole. For my own part, I can assure you that if Prohibition depends on the Trade Unions, the apostles of the pump will have spent their advertising money in vain.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—That was a curious incident at the annual meeting of the National Union of Railwaymen, when one of the reporters present was compelled to admit that he was an official shorthand-writer in the employ of the Government, engaged to report the speeches. This disclosure was the signal for a storm of angry expostulation from the assembled delegates, and although for the present the trouble has blown over, a word of explanation seems to be due. If the intentions of the Government were friendly, they might surely have sought the permission of the Union to be represented at the meeting. Otherwise, the episode has an ugly look. Perhaps you will explain. JOHN BULL.

To the Swiss Socialist, Grimm.

MY DEAR MAN,—The people who have been watching you pretty closely whilst you pretended to work for socialism in Petrograd, declare that you are, in reality, only a German tool and agent. Look out, brother Grimm, or you will meet a fate that fits your nightmare of a name. We know your sort, Grimm; we have some like you in this country, and, like you, they are being closely watched. You and they seek personal elevation. You will all get it from the honest men the group of you are trying to fool. A rope over a lamp-post will lift you higher than your brains will ever carry you. Democracy has no use for dirty dogs of the pariah kind, except as lamp-post ornaments. Look out, all of you!

JOHN BULL.

INTRIGUE AGAINST THE PREMIER.

A TRICK GENERAL ELECTION—AND A WARNING—VENGEANCE FROM THE FRONT.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

IT is time to warn the public of the little game the politicians intend to play as soon as the harvest is over. Once more an attempt will be made to bamboozle the nation and to secure a bogus vote of confidence—but a vote which, if passed, will rivet upon us the acts of the Incompetents for five years without the chance of escape. The danger is a serious one, for this sham election will either confirm in their places all the pro-Germans and the muddlers who did their best to lose the war; or, alternatively, just when we have a right to expect that the conflict on the battle fronts is drawing to its close, we shall be involved in the expense and turmoil of the old and hated Party fights at home. What I mean is this: If the General Election is to be held under the so-called truce, then it will be a deliberate fraud; if there is to be a fight, then it will come near to a tragedy.

The Next Prime Minister.

Have you quite realised what the game is—who are playing it and what forces are at work? Let us take Mr. Lloyd George's position first. He is Prime Minister to-day, not by virtue of a majority in Parliament, but by the grace of Mr. Bonar Law. When Mr. Asquith was jockeyed out of the position—and thank Heaven for it!—the King sent for the Leader of the biggest Party in the House of Commons. The Unionist chief, however, having regard to Mr. George's position in the Cabinet and in the country, was content to stand aside. But we must not count upon history repeating itself. The intriguers are at work, and Mr. Lloyd George's position is threatened. We shall have a General Election in all probability in October—that is why there is such feverish haste to get through the Electoral Reform Bill and make a new Register—and, so far as I can see, that election will result in the Unionist Party being returned, not only at its present but with increased strength. If that be so, for whom will the King, acting on the usual Constitutional form, send? Why, for Mr. Bonar Law; and let me say this—that the Leader of the Unionist Party would then be compelled to accept the Sovereign's commission to form a Government. Quite apart from the intriguers, the Unionists in the House and the country would expect nothing less. You see, Mr. Lloyd George, although he is quite obviously "sweethearting" Labour in Parliament, is from a political point of view in a state of splendid isolation. I admit there are many Unionist M.P.s who would view with dismay his deposition. But he has no "machine" worth speaking of—the contents of his Party coffers, whatever may be said about the recent "honours," are negligible; he has no organisation. On the one side stands the Liberal Party with its ex-Ministers sullen and vindictive—they would depose Mr. Lloyd George to-morrow if they could; on the other there is the big Unionist Party, ready and eager for the full sweets of office, tired of sharing salaries and reputations with other people and Parties.

The Men in the Trenches.

Whatever happens, whether the election be held under the fraudulent truce or whether, in the hope of winning a more effective result, the present Government will take the opportunity to disown the already discredited compact of Parties, the result, in my opinion, will favour the Unionists, and be disastrous to the Liberals. But the worst of tricks may be played on the People, and the election be a sham and a scandalous shame. I think it was Mr. Asquith who denounced with resounding rhetoric the idea of an election on the old Register. Will the new Register be any better, seeing that while it will have added to it the names of millions of women, the fighting soldier will be unable to record his vote? That is the present position, and I do not believe the Government intend to take a poll of the trenches. They could do it. Are they afraid? Of course the new-found enthusiasm for giving women the vote is another sham—a piece of arrant humbug. Nothing has happened to alter the situation. They had a right to the vote, in my opinion, before the war. But some of the bitterest opponents of female suffrage are now falling on the necks of the women. Shall I tell you why? The ordinary male voter, who has had good reason to follow the war records of some of these political "duds" and humbugs, is disgusted with them. If he gets the chance—if the Thieves' Truce breaks down and there is a genuine contest with M.P.s who have misrepresented their constituents or mismanaged the task of government—he will make sure that these discredited men are never seen at Westminster again. Many politicians have so suddenly "seen the light," have enjoyed so miraculous a conversion, because they hope that the women, in their ignorance, will give them their votes; yes, and their gratitude—for these newly-converted humbugs will make a great parade of their belief in the rights of women. And the men who have borne the awful burden of this war will be unable to make their voices heard!

To Escape Condemnation.

Yes, I say any election which is held without the fighting men will be a fraud and a shame. And don't forget the politician has so arranged matters that the new Register will enable him to stick in office for five years. A parliamentary election during the war on the old Register could endure only two years. They are working now to alter all that. What does it mean? That, if the political truce is foisted upon us, when the General Election comes along it will be practically an "As you were" position. Ministers whose failures have become crimes will come back, without turning a hair, without it costing them a penny, to the snug benches of the House and their £400 a year pocket-money. There will be no chance of passing a verdict on men who have been denounced from one end of the country to the other; no opportunity of recording that national condemnation in the only constitutional way open to us. Popular indignation, which would find its true vent in Impeachment, will beat itself out in vain denunciations. And the politicians who have inflicted such grievous injury on the national cause will find themselves safe for another five years! With time's obliterating finger blurring over their offences, they will hope to escape scot free.

Vengeance from the Front.

But will they? I can already hear the tramp, tramp of the returning army. In imagination, I can picture the men who risked all for country, and by their splendid sacrifices redeemed the criminal errors of the politicians, coming back to settle *their* accounts with the men whose gross neglect made war inevitable and whose crass folly made defeat possible. Intrigues against Mr. Lloyd George would only be forgiven if a better man—and I, for one, cannot see him—took his place. But a fraud played upon the People, a trick to re-establish the convicted politician and to give him a new lease of parliamentary life, covering the perilous period of peace-making and Imperial re-building, is what His Majesty's Citizen Army would not stand. Let the politician beware. The People at home are in no mood to be fooled—from one end of the country to the other there is anger and disgust. The men at the Front are only waiting their opportunity to return and rend the politician!

"FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS—"

"—Following the Dear Old Dad!"

ANOTHER REMOUNT SCANDAL.

CRUEL AND COSTLY NEGLECT OF SICK ARMY HORSES.

At a recent meeting of the Gloucestershire Chamber of Agriculture a resolution was carried urging the Government to "exercise a strict supervision over the treatment of remount horses," it being alleged "that the present system of sending the animals out to tack resulted not only in a great waste of public money and horses, but also involved much cruelty and suffering on the horses themselves." Unfortunately, these serious charges seem to be well established, having been weightily endorsed by a gentleman of standing, who states that "the neglect, starvation and profiting that has been going on is a disgrace to us as a nation." On all counts it is evident that the Remount Authorities have been heavily to blame. Our investigations show that, back in the winter, a number of invalid horses, five hundred or more, were sent down into Gloucestershire for open-air treatment, to fit them for military use. Most of these unfortunate animals seem to have been let out "on tack" to local farmers without the least provision for their effective care. For instance, we hear of 20 or 30 horses being in one field all the winter with only a limited supply of hay—in one case with no hay at all, nothing but bean straw. In these circumstances the rate of mortality seems to have been appalling, the commonest sanitary precautions having apparently been neglected, so that, according to the testimony of an eye-witness of these scandals, in some of the fields "you could not step upon a clean piece of ground." We do not suggest that all the farmers receiving the horses were equally to blame, or that there were not exceptions here and there to the general rule of slovenliness and neglect, but there is obviously a strong case for inquiry, with a close scrutiny of the financial transactions involved. The terms of the arrangements made with the farmers, the destination of the money paid by the Government for the keep of the horses, and the actual provision made for their veterinary treatment are matters upon which the public have a right to fuller information. On each of these heads we have facts in our possession that we shall not hesitate to publish should occasion demand.

A DANGEROUS DEPARTURE.

BLACKLEGGING BY GERMAN PRISONERS.

Complaints of "blacklegging" by German prisoners of war on licence have been by no means uncommon of late, and in at least one locality the point of open protest by the organised workers has been reached. The Island of Raasay, off the West Coast of Scotland, is practically owned by Messrs. Baird, a Glasgow firm of iron-founders, officially described as "agents for the Ministry of Munitions." Nearly the whole male population of Raasay are employed in the iron-ore mines of Messrs. Baird, and the recent introduction into the mines of forced German labour, under the authority of the Ministry of Munitions, aroused such resentment among the islanders that the Solicitor-General for Scotland hurried down to appease the indignation of the people. In due course a formal inquiry was held. That German prisoners of war had been extensively employed in the mines was not for a moment disputed. Further, it was asserted by witness after witness that local workers had been discharged or reduced to inferior employment to make room for the Huns. For instance, one workman stated that in consequence of his refusal to work on Sundays, his place had been filled by a German prisoner of war. In another case where a trivial wages dispute had arisen a gang of interned Huns were brought in to finish the job. A third witness cited four separate cases in which local workers had been displaced by German prisoners. These serious allegations were the subject of heated controversy between Messrs. Baird's agent and the workers' representative, but, despite the utmost efforts made on behalf of the firm, the evidence of the witnesses appears to have been unshaken, and we suggest to the Ministry of Munitions that in the Island of Raasay they have established a thoroughly bad precedent which, if extended to other industrial centres, may be productive of untold mischief. Labour has very good reason to be suspicious of the Government, for many stupid and provocative acts must be put to the debit of Whitehall. It is a new form of "combing out" to substitute Germans for British in our industries. Quite like pre-war times. But it won't do.

JUNE 30TH, 19

THE KING AND HIS T

Will It Endure?—His Majesty's Next Move.—An

By THE EDITOR.

WE are living in wondrous times; and it is beyond the power of any human being to foresee the extent to which our old habits of life and thought—our institutions and our ideals—will be affected by the mighty upheaval through which the world is passing. All things are in the melting-pot—secular and spiritual. But whilst the remoulding of the religions of mankind will be a matter of slower growth, big changes may come—indeed, are already coming—in our political and social institutions. And amongst them all none is more marked than the rumbling which comes from the foundations of the thrones of Kings. I recall that letter which, in the very first issue of this journal, I addressed to King Edward, and in which I said:—"New forces are at work. Their name is Demos. Now, Demos is a mighty god, whose legions are ever growing. For ages he was kept in darkness and in fetters, and now he has broken free. But memories of captivity and of cruelty have soured him, and he scowls upon the Powers that be. So long as he scowled only, there was little harm—for lions scowl at their keepers. But lately a weapon has been given him, and he is learning its use. It is called Knowledge, and it gives him Power and Hope. Thus he stands at last erect, and in his anger says, '*I* will be King.' That, then, is the contest of the future. How, sir, will you grapple with it? By standing for the glamour of your dynasty, or the glory of your People? For the child of your House or the children of your State? Sir, *trust the People*. Be their mouthpiece and their champion, and they will love to call you King—and Demos himself will do you homage. For he is only sore and cares little who is King, so long as all are equal." Well, Demos is waking up—and he's an ugly-looking fellow. But, believe me, he's no fool—and, at heart, is quite a good sort. Only you must know how to handle him. He is aware of his limitations—which are bounded by brute force; and he knows that that is, in the end, a poor remedy for his wrongs. Instinctively, however, he flies at the throats of those whom he regards as his natural foes—Kings, rulers, capitalists. Hence we find to-day many a throne in danger. The Romanoffs have already gone—and Russia's "Little Father," as the peasants had been taught to regard him—is no more. The Hapsburgs will quickly follow—quicker than many think. Tino's tin-pot dynasty is doomed, and that of the Hohenzollerns is in its death throes. Alfonso of Spain, too, will soon follow his late neighbour into exile. Thus do Kings make war, and war unmake Kings. Only, amongst all the monarchs of the world, stands firm that of Britain; and that because, with the innate genius of our race for good government, we long ago made our Kings the Hereditary Presidents of the British Republic—a very wise and convenient arrangement, exactly adapted to our temperament and our Empire. Long live the King!

The Agonies of a New Birth.

But whilst I say that, I say also that Peoples are greater than Kings; Democracy is a bigger thing than any dynasty. And to-day we see the workings of the greatest upheaval the world has witnessed since the free play of human forces was possible; and even the groans and shrieks of war cannot drown the music of the re-awakening of the whole world to a liberty that shall, at last, be real and a freedom which shall be enduring. We no longer pay lip service to the outworn ideas of Sovereignty—we no longer see in the power and authority of autocracies the best form of discipline. I doubt whether anybody to-day—when we are at grips with the one remaining Autocrat of Europe—finds in Germany's methods of government, and in her vaunted system of "efficiency" and of military despotism, any guarantee for the future good of mankind. No, there are signs and portents for all to read—the world is in the agonies of a new birth. Before the splendid majesty of the People, the pinchbeck sovereignty of Kings is crumbling into the dust. War, the great Revealer, is pointing the way to the New World. And to-day humanity is on its trial. In other times the red flag of revolution would have been floating in the air—but we are growing up, and, under wise guidance, only on the field of battle shall the red blood flow. Still, look where you will, the signs of unrest are sinister. The People are proclaiming their own freedom—are working out their own emancipation. "What are we fighting for?" is the grim cry in the East, where the great engines of war have been brought to a perilous standstill while the Russian people seek an answer to their question. Only in the West, where free men are fighting for the freedom they know and love, is that question never heard. But "What *did* we fight for?" would be a more terrible query, if it came from the lips of our returning soldiers—angry and disappointed to find that, while they faced death and devilry in the trenches, we had failed to batter down Hun influences at home and to rid our land of the hated creature—routing him from every phase of our national activity and from every department of our social life.

The King's Example.

I am not one of those who are hopeful of seeing some system of international policing—some plan of universal agreement—which will put an end to war for all time. I wish I could anticipate any such outcome of this awful conflict, for one need be no Pacifist to realise that the devilries of science have made warfare so horrible a thing that all its glamour and glory have disappeared in the haze of poison clouds and the bloody dust of explosions. But while I can look forward to no end to war so long as human nature is what it is, I believe we are engaged in the last struggle provoked by the military caste or fomented by Royal adventurers. The eyes of the People of the world are fully open. They see that upon them falls the heat and burden of the strife, and never again will they go to war for the pleasure of princes, or to satisfy the whim of any crowned ruler. Of all the countries that have made sacrifices for ideals in this war, Britain undoubtedly can claim credit for pursuing the least selfish ends. But while we entered upon the struggle for principles

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AND HIS THRONE.

ty's Next Move.—An Ugly-Looking Fellow.

By THE EDITOR.

held to be sacred to a liberty-loving people, we are not content to be turned away empty victors in the fight. I heard Mr. Barnes, M.P., the new member of the War Cabinet, say the other night that we have no quarrel with the German people, and I ventured to tell him in language plain to bluntness that he misunderstood the sentiments of the nation. We have a very real and bitter quarrel with the German people. They have made common cause with the murderous Kaiser and the Potsdam gang. Our anger and our hatred are real, and will be lasting. And the sooner his Majesty's Government understand the temper of the People, the better. That the King himself is under no delusion on the subject is manifest from his recent bold and independent action in removing all Teutonic taint from his Court. Once again he is in advance of his "advisers." I strongly counsel them to follow his Majesty's example. More than once I have warned them of the temper of the nation. They cannot plead ignorance if trouble comes. Whilst they have been delaying and temporising over these enemy princes, and making us all suspect their honest desire to remove these ignoble "noblemen" from the roll of British peers, the King—better understanding the spirit, and quicker to interpret the soul, of the People—has taken a step which is the best evidence of his determination to break definitely and finally with all the blighting influences of Germany. It is true the decision now come to might have been arrived at earlier. But let this be said to the honour of the King—that he has been hedged in by "constitutional" limitations and all kinds of technical difficulties—all of which he has now broken down, whilst his Ministers are still haggling and temporising. Some of them even now plead that the demand for the removal of the traitor princes is mere prejudice—the excited sentiment of the "Man-in-the-Street"; but they forget that that Man is, in the ultimate resort, supreme, and that no system of Constitutional rule in this Empire of ours can exist which is contrary to his will. Our King is wiser than his Ministers.

The King's Next Step.

And now, having exorcised the cursed demon of Potsdam, there is yet work for him to do—if he would cement in everlasting security the foundations of his throne. *He must call upon his Ministers to complete the work he has begun.* I have pleaded for many weary months for the purification of the Privy Council by the removal of all its members of German origin. I reckon it to be the highest honour that can be bestowed upon any man that he should be called to the Council of the King—sworn on his Majesty's Privy Council. Knights and baronets—dukes and earls—in my view, *they* are but empty titles. I would rather be the Right Hon. John Smith than the Duke of Anything. And I say it is a scandal that the Privy Council should be tainted, as it is to-day, by men of German birth. Purge the Council clean. I care not whether it be a Sir Edgar Speyer or a Sir Ernest Cassell—we do not want them. The Act of Settlement was violated to do honour to these men! We must insist that the law be changed back to its original form, and that his Majesty's Privy Council be kept sacrosanct for genuine British-born subjects of pure ancestry. By the way, where are the Russian, or French, or Italian Privy Councillors? No—only Germans. Well, that is one task for the King—to insist upon the purging of his Council. Then there is another. Since I first put forward the plea that the Heir to the Throne should, when the day comes, choose a wife from amongst the fair and pure women of Britain, many others have expressed that view. It is one, I know, to which the Royal House will lend a sympathetic ear. When the Prince of Wales takes to himself a consort destined in the due process of the years to share with him the high responsibilities of Sovereignty, she will be a British lass. There is none more attractive, or richer in all the domestic virtues. History has record of her queenly attributes, her fitness for the most exalted rank. His Royal Highness, whose manly qualities are endearing him to the Army in France, and whose modest bearing has won for him universal regard, will win new laurels of affection and respect the day he takes to wife that English maiden. And we look with confidence to the King to see this great thing done. And then, next, his Majesty must call upon his Ministers to place every enemy-born subject outside the pale of all our legislation for the relief of the poor, the aged, and the infirm of our land. We must amend our Insurance Act and our Pensions Act so as to deny to the enemy-born in our midst the benefits we give to our own people. And, above all, we must so change our Naturalisation Laws that no German in future shall be able to masquerade as a Britisher—sharing all the rights and privileges of the free-born Englishman.

An "Abiding" Throne.

All these things, and more, I believe the King will do. Wherefore I predict that, come what may in other lands, the throne of Britain is secure. God grant that that spell may never be broken. After all, the Crown of Britain is no mushroom growth. It is the product of centuries of evolution—and it is the *only* way to hold the Empire together. And the King is its symbol—its centre—its axis. It all revolves round him, with a regularity not less than that of the earth round the sun. I wish my old friend, Mrs. Besant, now in Madras, could realise that truth. "Home Rule for India"! Misguided lady! Has she been in touch again with those mythical Mahatmas of Tibet? Many years must pass ere our great Eastern Empire will be ripe to enter the Family of Nations into which Japan has led the way. When and what Britain will be when that day comes, who shall say? I have certain fairly settled ideas as to our destiny in the Scheme of Things—but they will keep till some other time. But of this one thing I am certain—all our hopes, all the ideals for which we are fighting, all the highest interests of our race, are bound up with the institution of enlightened kingship, working hand in hand with a robust but law-abiding and sane democracy.

Long Live the King.

OBJECTS OBJECTED TO.

A LITTLE "RAG" ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

The Y.M.C.A. must cease to employ Objects in their huts. The soldiers hate the practice; to continue it is to ask for trouble in a very loud voice. At Squires Gate, Blackpool, the Y.M.C.A. employs a number of C. O.s., whilst at Bulford Camp, on Salisbury Plain, there has been friction of a kind, a frolicsome "rag" in its way, but a pointer to show where the danger lies. For some weeks an able-bodied young man was serving behind the counter in a Y.M.C.A. tent, boasting his exemption because of his "conscience." At length this was too much for the boys. At a signal, they lifted him gently over the counter and carried him to a little stream that runs at the foot of the camp. They told him he was to be ducked. Then the Object became abject, and pleaded that he possessed a weak heart as well as a conscience. He was, therefore, merely escorted to the railway station, a ticket taken to Princetown for him, and, labelled "With Care," he was put into the train in charge of the guard. The soldiers then, by way of further warning, took down the Y.M.C.A. marquee, because it had sheltered an Object and to show their indignation at such a creature being placed among them. And our fervent hope is that the hint will be taken.

THE REWARD OF LOYALTY.

SCURVY TREATMENT OF A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

The following story may be accepted as an unvarnished statement of fact. A soldier, having enlisted voluntarily in the early days of the war, was wounded at La Bassee and discharged from the Army unfit for further service; whereupon he went back to work at a London engineering shop where he had formerly been employed. As an unskilled toolsetter he was ineligible for membership of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, while, with his experience in the trenches, he was entirely out of sympathy with the recent strike, and, all through the trouble, stood loyally by the firm. His reward will be seen. Soon after the resumption of work he had some slight mishap with a machine—due, he suggests, to faulty tool-making—which was apparently made a matter of complaint by his foreman—an ardent trade unionist and a participator in the strike. Incredible as it may appear, the management sided with the foreman against the ex-soldier with his discharge badge and gold stripe, whose record of faithful service during the strike period seems to have counted for less than nothing. At any rate, he was driven out of the factory, a victim apparently of the mean enmity towards wounded soldiers which seems to animate a certain contemptible faction of trade unionist opinion tainted with the "pacifist" blight. However, it is impossible to excuse the action of the employers—who, having eagerly availed themselves of the man's services when they were in labour difficulties, ruthlessly abandoned him at the first hint of further trouble. Such treatment of a man who has served his country loyally in the field as well as in the "factory line" is to be severely deplored.

THE PASSING OF THE PASS.

THE RAILWAY COMPANIES' GRATITUDE TO THEIR SERVANTS.

Everybody is aware of the wonderful work achieved by the railwaymen during the war. It is, therefore, pleasing to hear that the railway companies are determined to show in practical fashion their gratitude to their faithful servants. This token of thanks is reserved for their periods of holiday—some of them get no more than three days in the year. But one privilege the railwayman has always possessed, called a "foreign" pass; it is a free pass enabling him to travel on his holiday on any other line than the one he works upon. Now, this year—by way of an innovation, and as an expression of thanks—the companies are withdrawing this concession. When these patriotic toilers go away to Margate or to Cromer or Ilfracombe, they will have the inestimable privilege of paying full fare, plus the usual 50 per cent. increase. If such shabby treatment should now put the men's backs up a little, their employers will have some inkling of at least one reason for the unrest.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SEA.

MURDER MOST FOUL BY GERMAN SUBMARINE PIRATES.

The *Bellerby*, of West Hartlepool, one of H.M. transports, steaming in a certain sea only a few weeks ago, sighted a ship's lifeboat, flying a white rag and an oilskin. The head and shoulders of a man rose up for a moment in the stern, but he fell back exhausted, even in the moment of deliverance. There were three live men in the boat, and one dead man. The survivors were too weak to put the body over the side, for they had been 14 days without water. The poor weak creatures were carefully conveyed aboard and tended. One was the Chief Officer of the S.S. *Caithness*, the second was Chief Gunner. The third was a lad of 17—an apprentice, a beautiful curly-headed boy. His case was hopeless. The kindly Steward, who tried to feed him with warm milk, found his tongue so swollen that it met the roof of his mouth. The boy thought he was in hospital; he called the Steward "Doctor," and asked for his mother. "I told him," says the Steward, "that if he would try and keep still, I would go and fetch her; so I came back and said she would come in the morning. But, poor boy, he must have thought she was there. He was talking to her. 'I am coming with you, mother,' he said, 'take hold of my hand.' He put his two hands up, and sighed, with a smile on his face, and passed away for ever. His name was Kenneth French." We have quoted the words just as written by that Steward, for we think they are very beautiful in their simple earnest English. When poor Kenneth was buried, all hands attended the service. Captain Heathley began to read it, but broke down, and it was finished by the Third Officer. And now to tell the tale of the lost ship. Torpedoed without warning about midday, she was hit under the bridge, and heeled over on her side, the Gunner being unable to fire his gun. They got two lifeboats out, but the vessel sank so quickly that she sucked down one boat and upset the other, all hands being struggling in the water. Eleven managed to cling to the capsized craft, and then the U-boat came to the surface and sailed through the castaways still in the water. The Chief Officer cried to the German captain to take them aboard or to right the boat, but the blonde beast jeered, mocked, and laughed. When he had submerged again, the eleven hands left out of 49 managed to right the life-boat, bail her out, and get into her. But there was no water, only some biscuits soaked with the sea, and two or three tins of beef. Oars and sail were gone. For 14 days the boat drifted, and drifted, without one drop of water. They drank the spirit from the compass, they sucked their wet boots—they drank sea-water. Some went mad, and threw themselves overboard. Some died of exposure. At length there were but four left. One, the Junior Gunner, collapsed, but, still sensible, said, "Well, boys, I can't hold out any longer; I am giving it up. Good-bye all." So he lay down in the bottom of the boat and died. His was the body found by the rescuing men of the transport. The story of that rescue we have told. One of the two survivors still living, the Chief Gunner, speaking of those 14 days without fresh water, says he used to drink about six bailers of salt water every day, "until it drove me mad and too weak to stand, but I thank God that a fearless man like Captain Heathley came to our rescue, in spite of German brutes." The Gunner is getting gradually stronger; the Chief Officer has suffered amputation of both feet, through gangrene. Such is the plain, unvarnished story of the fate faced daily by fearless merchant seamen who go down to the sea in ships. Such is the ever unfailing heroism of British sailors like Captain Heathley, especially when life is to be saved. And such is the brutal fiendishness of the unspeakable Hun pirates who defile the broad seas with murder most foul, done upon the unoffending and defenceless.

£1,000 REWARD.

OUR "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

The Editor of *JOHN BULL* will pay the above-mentioned sum to any person who can prove that there is any element of fraud, on the part of the Proprietors, in any "Bullets" Competition. This supersedes and is in place of all previous offers, and will hold good so long as the Competition lasts.

THE TOBACCO QUESTION AND ALLEGED PROFITEERING.

A word or two of frank explanation of the revised prices of the well-known brands of tobacco and cigarettes offered to smokers by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.:—

TOBACCO is almost the only article the price of which has not been raised since the war save for the extra Duty imposed by the Revenue Authorities in 1915. As long ago as October last the whole trade was faced with the urgent necessity of advancing prices owing to the enormously increased cost of leaf, packing, materials, labour and other incidental charges.

Some idea of these will be seen from the following:—

1. The cost of Tobacco leaf itself has doubled.
2. The cost of tin, cardboard, wrapper and paper has increased several hundredfold.

The sum total of increased manufacturing cost is therefore very high, and alone necessitates higher prices irrespective of the rise in Duty. The percentage of profits is less now than previously, both to Manufacturers and Retailers, and therefore THERE IS NO QUESTION OF PROFITEERING EITHER BY THE MANUFACTURERS OR THE RETAILERS.

B.D.V. THE KING OF ALL TOBACCOS.
8d. per oz. ¼-lb. tins 2/8.

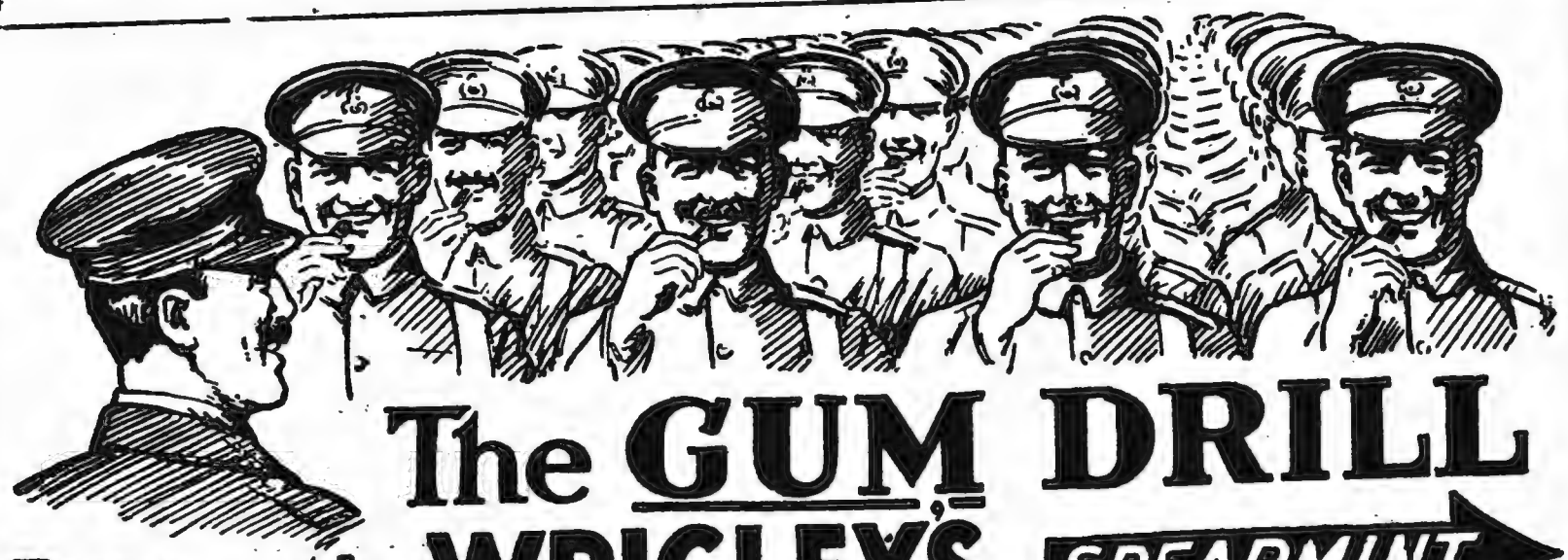
B.D.V. SILK PICTURE CIGARETTES.
10 for 5d. 20 for 9½d. 25 for 1/- 50 for 2/- 100 for 4/-

"CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB" CIGARETTES.
(Larger than the ordinary Cigarette.)
20 for 1/- 50 for 2/6 100 for 5/-

The Uniform Size, Weight and Quality of all these Brands will be fully maintained.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED, LONDON.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 2.



The GUM DRILL

But it must be WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

The Wrigley *Gum* Drill is the *one* drill Tommy wouldn't miss—a daily exercise all enjoy. The importance of Wrigley's Chewing Gum is emphasised by the fact that the British Government have purchased huge supplies for the troops and for use in Hospitals. On long marches—in the trenches—on every occasion there is nothing finer for relieving thirst and fatigue. The magic packet that is helping thousands of war worn warriors to withstand the hardships of campaigning.

Send a supply to your Soldier and Sailor friends. It is appreciated best of all the gifts.

Per packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors Drug Co., Ltd.).

Enclose a packet in all your letters.

WRIGLEY'S Ltd. LONDON.

THE CULT OF THE PANAMA.

The Panama habit is becoming more pronounced with each succeeding Summer season—and what could be more cool and delightful in wear than a good Panama Hat?

Do you say—"What about the price?" That need not worry you; call on us and make your selection. You will find our prices within the range of your pocket.

Ladies' Panamas, trimmed Navy Blue, Nigger Brown, Saxe, or Black **8/4 and 10/9.**

Gent.'s Panamas. Smart shapes, fine plaits **6/9 and 9/9.**

GAMAGES HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

SOOTHING AS AN OLD TIME MELODY

Spinet

THE SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia, Cork-Tipped, Ovals.

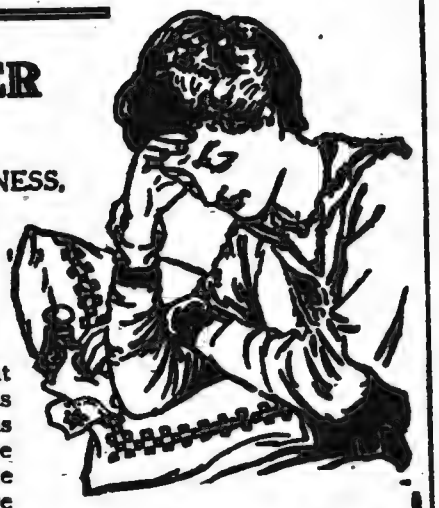
1/3 for 20

3/1½ for 50

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

from

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION,



NEED

It is an admitted fact that Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved a friend to thousands upon thousands of women the world over, by relieving the sufferings to which they are specially liable. In tens of thousands of cases it has banished the daily headache, languor, lassitude, biliousness, constipation, pains after eating, and other troubles arising from a disordered condition of the digestive organs. No wonder that women stand solidly for this proved family remedy! It has been their friend for nearly 50 years.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the medicinal extracts of more than ten varieties of roots, barks, and leaves, which, in combination, have a wonderfully curative and strengthening influence on stomach, liver, and bowels—the organs of digestion—enabling them to extract nourishment from the food you eat, and thus helping you to regain and maintain strength and vigorous health. Thirty drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup in a wineglassful of water taken after meals should prove its value in your case. Put it to the test to-day.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 size contains THREE TIMES AS MUCH as the 1/3 bottle.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

LORD RHONDDA.

I found his Lordship busily controlling food.

"I suppose you find some foods more difficult to control than others," I hazarded.

"Unquestionably," replied the Food Controller. "Take cheese——"

"With pleasure!" I returned with alacrity. "I haven't tasted a decent bit of cheese for months."

"I mean figuratively," continued Lord Rhondda.

My crest fell. I stooped, picked it up, and replaced it.

"Exactly," I said, concealing the bitter disappointment I felt. "You infer that cheeses are particularly difficult to control. Some are very wild and untamed, I know. I had one once, in those far-off days before the war. We called him Grandad, he was such a glutton for port. He hailed, or someone hailed him, from Stilton. He was the most uncontrollable cheese I ever met—always breaking away."

Lord Rhondda looked at me with surprise not untinged with alarm.

"Are you mad?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said. "Very. And I am growing madder every day."

"On your allotment?" he asked. "Is it a paying crop?"

"No. Neither is my broody hen's. Shall I tell you how my madness came about?"

"Do."

"It began with a queue-rious feeling. I was waiting in the potato line at the time."

"Yes?"

"At last it came to my turn. I found myself standing before a sack of potatoes. I felt that all their eyes were upon me." Here I shuddered, and broke down.

"Why these tears?" asked Lord Rhondda.

"Forgive me," I pleaded, dashing them away. They fell on the cork lino with a sickening thud. "Don't mind them. They are only profit tears."

Lord Rhondda started, looked around furtively, and whispered in my ear.

"Don't! I cried, squirming. "It tickles."

"Ah, 'tickles,'" repeated his Lordship. "That's the very word. I'm going to tickle up the profiteers."

I sprang to my feet, caught them, grasped his hand, and gazed deep into his bonny blue eyes.

"You mean it?" I demanded.

"I'm going to give them hell's delight," he declared.

"Do you pledge your word?" I demanded.

"I do," he replied, solemnly.

"There'll be a ha'penny for the ticket," I murmured, absently.

"The profiteer has had his day," continued his Lordship.

"And in the next Honours List he will probably be made a knight," I observed.

"That's as it may be. In the meantime my watchword will be 'Cheap Food for the People.'"

"May I move an amendment to that?" I asked. "After the word 'People,' add 'and prison for the profiteers.'"

"Accepted," said Lord Rhondda, "provided my powers are extended."

"My Lord," I said, "speaking on behalf of the People, in whom ultimately all power resides, your powers are hereby so far extended. Get on with the good work."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY MAIL":—

"Thousands . . . visited the grisly relic (the wrecked Zeppelin). A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER marched the girls of her class to the place. SOME 80 FT. OF HER NOSE-END IS STUCK ASLANT IN THE AIR."

MR. RICHARDSON, M.P. (according to *Western Mail* report):—

"In spite of KNOWN ILL-HEALTH he (a conscientious objector) was passed by the prison doctor as fit for navvying. . . . He contracted consumption and died on Whit-Sunday last, although prior to his arrest he had NEVER SUFFERED A DAY'S ILLNESS."

COUNCILLOR PETER WRIGHT (Newport)—(according to the *Daily Telegraph*):—

"SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM THE FRONT had their souls steeled for the new life imbued with the principles of freedom, for which they had fought and DIED."

"CARRICK HERALD":—

"Private —— —— was killed in action on the 28th of April . . . Much sympathy is felt for his WIDOWED MAIDENS."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—

"His wife, two children, his MOTHER and stepfather and STEPMOTHER were entirely dependent upon him."

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE (in edition of *Ivanhoe*):—

"His eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the FORMER were naked from the ELBOW, and the LATTER from MID-LEG TO ANKLE."

"STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL" (advertisement):—

"For Sale, WOODEN SHED, 12 IN. BY 9 IN., suitable workshop or fowlhouse."

HOW SOLDIERS BANISH ANY BAD FOOT TORTURES.

Harry Lauder's practical help to the boys in the trenches.

JOHN BULL readers suffering from various painful foot troubles, such as aching, tenderness, chilblains, callouses, corns, etc., may be interested to learn what soldiers do for these, also to stop rheumatic pains in a few minutes, or relieve muscular soreness and stiff joints. They simply rest the feet in hot water containing about a tablespoonful of an ordinary saltrates compound, concerning which Harry Lauder recently said: "Hearing Reudel Bath Saltrates mentioned as being a likely comfort for the boys in the trenches, and knowing from personal experience that it is excellent, I have sent out several packages, which have been much appreciated."

Photo.] [Hana.

Harry Lauder

Sergt. C. S. Turner, of the R.A.M.C., wrote: "I could hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes when I saw what this remarkable natural curative water had done for 'trench foot,' corns, and other very serious foot afflictions." Corp. T. S. Wilburn, also of the R.A.M.C., wrote: "For rheumatic pains I have found this medicinal saltrated water marvellously effective."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates should not be confused with ordinary patent medicines, ointments, etc. It is a well-known standard compound, exactly reproducing the curative constituents of famous natural medicinal springs, and forms similar highly medicated and oxygenated water. All chemists keep this fragrant and refreshing toilet preparation ready put up in convenient half-pound packets at very reasonable cost.

For the liver use KALSEL.—*Advt.*

"PYLITNA"

A GENUINE CURE FOR PILES.

Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"PYLITNA" POWDERS

taken in warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure. Guaranteed harmless to the system.

A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with doctors."

Of Chemists and Stores, 3/- per box, or post free.

"Pylitna," 3, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.1.

FREEMANS

There's nothing else quite so good.

DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD

John Bull's Latest Gift Pen

FILLS ITSELF INSTANTLY.

CANNOT LEAK OR GET OUT OF ORDER.

The Self-Filling Safety Model

Extra Heavy 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tipped. Usually Sold at 15/-

With 1 coupon, 6/- With 13 coupons, 5/- Postage, 2d.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(June 30, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Unhappy Bulford.

Bulford Camp, on Salisbury Plain, shows no improvement. Most of the men there wish they were German prisoners; if they were, they would be better fed, better treated, and would not be dogged wherever they went by the Red Caps. We leave it to the G.O.C.

Epileptic Fits to Order!

Thanks to the methods of our medical men, we have a big sprinkling of epileptics in khaki. Obviously they should not be in the Army, but when they complain to the medico the latter remarks that he can do nothing unless Tommy obliges him by having a fit in his presence. As it is odds on that the M.O. is comfortably settled in his quarters when Tommy is performing as an epileptic in his hut, very little is done to abate the scandal.

Putting on the Screw.

Inoculation and vaccination are not compulsory in the Army, but we find the General Officer Commanding a certain division has complained about the inoculation returns, and—following the lead of other bigoted martinets—issued orders that furloughs and other indulgences shall be refused to men who object to the operation. Will Mr. Macpherson note?

Badgering the Patients.

We have a complaint from the Rathmines Military Hospital, Dublin, that the private correspondence of the patients is invariably opened—a practice which is quite indefensible. On the staff is a Quartermaster Sergeant—a "Linseed Lancer," not a member of the Regular Service, apparently—who insists upon getting the rights accorded to a Commissioned Officer, compelling the men in the wards to come to attention when he enters. Does he think he is Sir Douglas Haig?

Barracks Damages.

The G.O.C. of the Western Command might interest himself in the demand made for a sum of nearly £300, alleged barracks damages, claimed from the men in three of his camps. We would also direct his attention to the fact that his cashier has asked for the remittance of £388, representing Tommy's ration money, which has not been expended on food, but which, at the same time, is the soldier's own money and is practically pulled out of his trousers pocket.

Coddling Conscientious Cubs.

The useless conscientious coward is still being treated better than the man who cheerfully volunteered to go and fight the Hun. We regret to note from regimental, brigade, and other Orders that quite a large number of them are being transferred to class W and other reserves, for "work of national importance," under the direction of the Bryce Committee. Why not send the whole caboodle out beyond the Nore Light in a mud-dumper, pull out the bottom of the craft, and let the useless parasites drown?

A Proved Patriot.

You boys in hospital blue have many possible enjoyments debarred you, but here is an offer made by Mr. Sexton, proprietor of the cosy West End Cinema Theatre in Coventry Street, beside Piccadilly Circus. He wants you fellows to call in when passing and enjoy his hospitality and the pleasure of his pictures. He is a brick to you chaps, and invites you to walk, hop, crawl, or be carried in, and to treat his theatre as though it belonged to you. The salute to Sexton—"One, two, three; cut the hand smartly away to the side!" He is a bully friend of yours. Accept his invitation, as he considers your acceptance an honour to him.

Degrading the Service.

A member of the crew of H.M.S. *Gibraltar* slightly over-stayed his leave, and was given 21 days' detention, with stoppage of pay. Soon after he had finished his punishment he was sent ashore with a draft—and was marched between an escort, with handcuffs on his wrists, along the streets of Chatham, and afterwards through London. We are at a loss to know why such degradation was heaped upon a blue-jacket who had already purged his offence. Our sailors should not be treated like malefactors; this degrading manacle regulation should at once be abolished.

Left Hand and Right Hand.

On 1st April 5s. a week extra was granted to dockyard hands who live ashore. At the same time the scale of rations in the fleet was reduced. What you lose in hake you make in herring!

The Acme of Meanness.

A sailor started from Suvla on board an armed liner, to be stationed in barracks in Chatham. The ship was torpedoed and he lost his all, and as a result of his experiences was laid up in hospital with pneumonia. The poor fellow now has to pay for a complete kit; but, worse than that, he is told that he is £14 in debt, in consequence of his residence in hospital. We commend this case specially to Sir Edward Carson, who is always out to see justice done.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

"OFFICER'S WIDOW" (Pangbourne).—A scheme of pensions for officers' widows is now under consideration, and details will probably be published within a week.

"SERGEANT-MAJOR" (Richmond).—The loss of an arm and an eye brings you within the 100 per cent. of disablement, and your weekly pension will thus be 42s. 6d.

"TOMMY" (Hoxton).—Having lost your speech, you are entitled to a pension of 22s. a week, provided the condition is permanent.

"DIE-HARD" (West Ham).—As your abdominal injuries have produced permanent totally disabling effects, your pension will be 27s. 6d. a week.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Rates and Taxes.

Owing to the methods by which the Civil Liabilities scheme is being administered, lamentable consequences are accruing to many poor families. This is a sample case: A widow keeps a small shop for the sale of papers, confectionery, etc. Her son managed it, and by hard work contrived to keep his mother's head and his own above water. He was called to the Colours, and naturally the poor mother—who is nearly 70 years old—found her struggle much more arduous. The local authorities demanded the rates, which she could not pay, and were on the point of placing her in gaol when we took the case in hand and saved her.

Mean Cheese-paring.

There is a pressing matter that we should like some patriotic Member to have debated in Parliament. When a soldier's wife or dependent falls ill and has to be treated in a State-aided institution, the authorities pounce upon the meagre separation allowance and deduct from it the cost of the patient's maintenance, thus increasing the distress that already exists in the families of our fighting men. The relations of a civilian have thus a big pull over the patriotic Service man's dependents. This is a state of affairs which must be ended.

Broken on the Service Wheel.

We readily acknowledge the magnitude of the task with which the Pensions Minister is confronted, and the keen desire of that official to have his department perfect and all claims adjusted with the greatest promptitude. We regret to note, however, the number of short-service men who—entitled to allowance notwithstanding the fact that their physical condition was not created or aggravated by service with the Colours—have to wait for a considerable time before their cases are decided upon. Such men bulk largely among our callers. They are mostly temporarily unfit for civilian employment, and, with their families, have to bite on the bullet of acute distress. We, of course, give what assistance we can, and sincerely hope that when the pressure on the Pensions Department is somewhat relieved these broken men will get prompter help from Chelsea.

Bereaved of Her All.

A woman lost her husband in the Boer War, and had to face the world with a young son. He became of military age last year, and was roped into the Service, but as he was only an apprentice earning a small weekly wage he did not come under the regulation entitling his mother to a dependent's allowance—so she had to live on his 3s. 6d. a week allotment. The poor lad was killed at the front a couple of months ago, and the unhappy mother was left to fight alone, the allotment being cut off. Here, again, we gave financial assistance and obtained for her such employment as she could undertake.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Poor Man's Little Beats Rich Man's Nothing," 1d.; "A Cocky for Jack," 7d.; H. J. (Battersea), 2s.; "An Old Reader," 2s.; "A Sympathising Welshwoman," 5s.; E. B. (Roxburgh), 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; Mrs. J. S. P. (Johannesburg), £1; "A Widow," 1s.; R. H. T., 6d.; "Florence Elisabeth," 2s. 6d.; "Inasmuch," 3s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; R. G. (E.E.F.), 1s. 6d.; "Hirano Maru," 10s.; "Agnes Wickfield," 1s. 6d.; W. T., 6d.; "A JOHN BULL Reader," 1s.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1; H. B., 5s.; J. McG., 2s. 6d.; A. L., 1s. 6d.; "Salopian," 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; M. E. D. (Harehills), 1s.; "Shell Bands, per Davies (Smethwick)," 15s.; "Natstream," (Peckham), 6s. 6d.; A. H. T., 2s.; "Bullet" (Leith), 2s 6d.; Mrs. V. A. R., 1s.; "Fag," £1; E. E., 1s.; G. C., 1s.; J. L. (Monkseaton), £1; "A Few Glamorgan and Pembroke Yeo Boys" (Palestine), 50 piastres; M. S., 1s.; "Viewmont" (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; C. M. H. (Natal), 1s. 4d.; Crew of H.M. Yacht *Valhalla II.* (per P.P.), 5s.; "A Friend," 2s. 6d.; A. C. (Hartford), 10s.; "Portion of Bullet," 5s.; E. S., 7s. 6d.; A. B. W. (Midhurst), 2s.; B. C. L. (Dundee), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; J. D. (Glasgow), 2s.; A. K. (Rutherglen), 2s.; W. R. (Methil), 5s.; W. S. H., 1s.; H. B. O., 2s. 6d.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 2s. 6d.; "Tealeafe," 3s.; P. C. (Kelty), 2s.; Mrs. K. (Rookferry), 5s.; "Stupidity" (Walthamstow), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; A. S., 6d.; "Another Tommy's Wife," 6d.; E. T. J. (Bognor), 2s. 6d.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Brentwood), 3s.; C. W. (Hatfield), 2s.; B. H., 1s.; E. M. P. (Eastbourne), 2s.; Sports Club of H.M.S. *Biarritz*, £2; Sgt. J. L., 1s. 3d.; J. F. M. C. (Brighton), 1s. 3d.; Dvr. F. W. B., 4d.; Mrs. F. L. (Bishopstown), 1s. 3d.; Miss P. (Cardiff), 1s.; s.s. *Llandovery Castle*, 1s.; J. P. (Huddersfield), 1s.; F. W. K. (Leamington), 1s.

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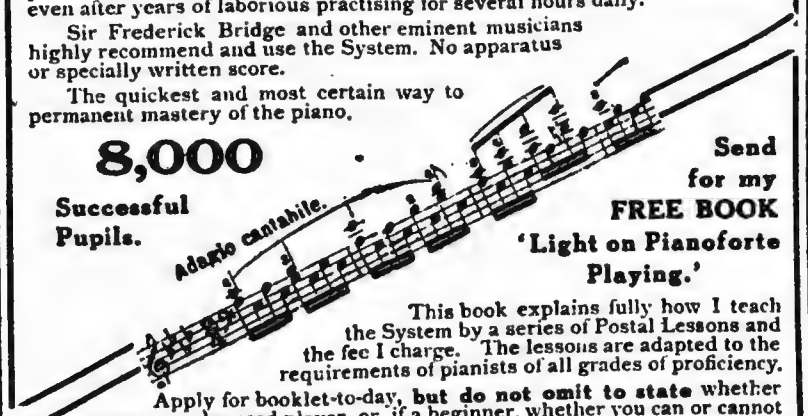

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. . . With the aid of a wonderful little instrument which magnifies sound like a lens can magnify objects, deaf people can hear—perfectly. Not only can they hear clearly words spoken to them in the ordinary course of conversation, but they can hear even such minute sounds as the ticking of a watch. And they can do this without undue strain or effort.

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is remarkable not only for the *vigour* with which it intensifies sounds, but also for the *distinctness* with which those sounds are rendered. With a Stols Electrophone a deaf person can catch every syllable, and can appreciate every tone and inflection of voice on the part of the person who is speaking or singing. And instrumental and other sounds are rendered with equal faithfulness.

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COMPANY MEETING.

HOVIS - BREAD FLOUR.

Day and Night Milling.

Mr. J. Browne-Martin presided on Wednesday, the 20th inst., at the meeting of the Hovis-Bread Flour Co., Ltd., and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that what would strike the shareholders as it had struck him was the small amount they had placed to capital account during the year. The restriction in building operations and the difficulties in obtaining machinery were reflected in the accounts. They had been running their mills days and nights and Sundays without cessation. That had been done at the request of the authorities to meet a grave shortage of flour. Running a mill in such a manner was conducive to grave risks, and also severe wear and tear. The capital of the company was not fixed with a view to prices as they were at present, and it would be, therefore, most unwise to consider any further distribution in the way of dividend than was their custom prior to the war. One contingency he was sure would be before them all, and that was that at some time prices would fall, and the value of stock assets would then depreciate. As to the position of the business generally the sales of Hovis Flour were satisfactory.

People were realising in these days of "Regulation Bread" that in Hovis they got not only the more palatable bread but a more nutritious bread, and one which was more satisfying. Generally the position was that it was certain that but for the disastrous war the company would have been reaping greater benefit as a result of the sound foundations on which the business was laid. Their business was now, however, under the control of the Ministry of Foods, and as to what the effects would be upon the company it would be impossible to say.

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This pure, proved salve which cures and heals all skin troubles so quickly.

Refuse substitutes. Of Boots, Chemists and stores at 1/3 per box.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

E. A. (Fareham).—Lord Rhondda is a different stamp of man from Lord Devonport, and we are hopeful that by drastic action he will bring about a much fairer distribution of sugar.

W. R. (Milnsbridge) is concerned lest a non-indemnity peace is contemplated. The sort of peace we shall get is the peace we have power to exact.

A. S. M. (Omagh), because an Irish paper quotes us as saying "I think I work harder than anybody," tells us not to be "so swelled headed." To please him, we'll try to get into a smaller hat.

"Mrs. Blank" (Derby).—"Is it true an M.P. member of the I.L.P. sent his sympathy and £50 to Mrs. Wheeldon?" He may have sent sympathy, but—£50! Not on your life.

G. E. W. (Notting Hill Gate, W.).—"If 'We hold all the cards' why not call N A P?" No, friend, there's been too much napping already. What we are out for now is the grand slam. And it's the Kaiser who's going to be slammed.

"A Gunner."—"The majority of the young men that's left in Blighty to-day are not worth the ground they walk on." Yet the blighters walk as though they owned it.

"Two Girls" (Carnforth).—We sympathise with your feelings; but after all Great Britain *is* our Fatherland, and there is no reason why we should mutilate our vocabulary for the sake of the Hun who fancies he owns the earth.

W. H. (Highbury Hill, N.).—So you think that people who have "bought their honours" should have their titles printed with inverted commas. "Lord" Love Us!

H. C. (Madras).—Afraid we must retain the right to do what we please with "the front page of our paper." You can have the back page if you like—at the usual rates.

W. H. H. (Belvedere).—We note that 3,000 residents of Belvedere have petitioned the Food Controller asking to be compulsorily rationed. So if the tickets come, we shall know who did it.

W. E. C. (S.W.6).—We have no doubt "other goods" conditions are still frequently, and even usually, imposed on prospective sugar purchasers without being openly exacted.

"Hard Cheese" (Halifax).—Many people in this country think of the war only in terms of graft and plunder.

C. H. T. (Bermondsey).—The only apparent use of the National Service Scheme now appears to be to keep the officials in their jobs.

R. M. (Hawick).—Your idea for fighting submarines would have to go before the Inventions Board in any case. If it is good we can't discuss it, and if it is bad we can't father it.

Mrs. B. M. C. (Selby).—"Lift up your heart." Peace has been delayed time after time by blunders and changes unforeseen. We certainly do not think the nations will be still at war "three or four years from now."

J. D. M. (Kerry).—You are mistaken. We have never suggested that Mr. Asquith should be made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Chancellor was our proposal.

P. K. F. (Sevenoaks).—According to the Bucks Asylum accounts, it costs nearly as much (12s. 3d.) per head per week to keep a lunatic as is considered sufficient (12s. 6d.) to maintain a soldier's wife. Probably the extra 3d. is just enough to keep the latter sane.

M. D. (St. Helens).—It struck us that the Woking magistrate who fined the woman £2 for feeding sparrows with a few stale and dirty crusts simply made a fool of himself.

"James" (London).—Instead of talking nonsense about fish, you should eat it. It is good for the brain.

Mrs. W. H. S. (near Norwich).—If you use scented oatmeal for your face and body after a bath, we much fear it is the duty of your husband, as a Special, to run you in. Faces in his sketch excellent, but anatomical drawing too unprofessional.

F. C. W. C. (Wandsworth) quotes the *Chronicle* as saying, ". . . the great trial through which the country is passing," and comments "Why can't the *Mail* lend the *Chronicle* some of Northcliffe's sweet p's?"

"Anzac" (Blighty).—"I've just come from the trenches, And I'm taking out the wenches, The flappers and their mothers sometimes too: I find lots so very spicy, Oh, so very nicey nicey, And I'm having such a tooriloorаloo." All right, get along with it, but be good.

H. G. (Royal Crescent, W.) and Others.—The announcement of the name of the prize-winner in the "Magic Wheel" Puzzle Contest, promoted for the benefit of the "Tubs for Tommies" Fund, has been several times postponed, the closing date for entries being extended. It is, however, high time that a decision was arrived at.

"Fiat Justitia" (Workington).—Although Mr. de Schmid, Chief Constable of Carlisle, was robbed of his pocket-book by a woman in the Strand, we cannot approve your suggestion that she deserves the Iron Cross for her exploit.

"Patriot from U.S.A." (Hastings).—"When we got bread at the front, with Belgian mud on it, it was superior to that which is now sold to the British public." It makes you crusty, evidently.

"Indignant One" (Chatham).—It is no use trying to "shame" a Conscientious Object. Such weaklings haven't blood enough to blush.

A. G. B. Radford).—"Half-way between Nottingham and Ilkeston is an inn called 'The Rodney.' Taking a rest there was called Rodneying." Yes, but was that what the Dudley beak meant when he called a soldier "a Rodney"?

"Soldier's Widow" wishes to dispose of a large collection of autographs, mostly of present-day celebrities, collected at considerable cost by her late husband. We shall be pleased to forward correspondence from possible purchasers.

"OUR OWN FOLK."—We have had great pleasure in passing on to John Jackson, the exchanged prisoner from Ruhleben, a sum of money which has been forwarded to us for his benefit. The poor fellow is in a most emaciated state and nearly dumb, having undergone an operation to his throat necessitating the insertion of a tube.

"OLD SOLDIER."—"I hope this letter will catch the eye of the President of the Engineers' Society." Afraid it won't though, unless he goes messing round in our waste-paper basket.

X. Y. V. X. (Melbourne).—It certainly was not polite of the *Melbourne Leader* to reproduce our cartoon without acknowledgments, but it was "the sincerest form of flattery" none the less.

F. G. (Elgin).—We said that Charterhouse boy should be punished, not because he was "rich," but because he was a hardened offender.

B. W. (Cardiff).—"An officer asked a railway porter (substitute) to fetch his valise. The porter came back with a copper, thinking the officer said 'police.'" Now you haven't told us who was locked up.

"SEAFORTH" (Queen Mary's Military Hospital, Whalley).—"They have put an Object in the Ward beside us." What is he doing in a Military Hospital, and where was he wounded? He should be in a special ward for Male Impersonators.

"DORKING."—Sir Somebody Maryon Wilson sends a printed note saying he does not like being written to as "Dear Sir." He wants to be addressed as "Sir Baronet" and says he is "more than 250 years old." If that is true, humour the old fellow by calling him anything he likes. Or any thing you like.

"PARLOUR MAID" (Bedford Sq.).—Get a place where the food economy is less stringent.

S. P. G. (Birmingham).—Put your head under the pump, to cool your fevered brow.

"DRUM" (Broadstairs).—"I drink your health, dear old JOHN BULL, Of wit and wisdom you are full, I've never known you to be dull, And may there never be a lull." Thanks for the rhymes from out your skull.

M. L. (Hull).—Have had other complaints that Clarke, the seed and plant man, Hampton, Middlesex, takes money from customers and is negligent in fulfilling their orders. If he doesn't improve in this method of business, he is likely to find himself in trouble. Write him again.

"PATRIOTIC WORKER" (Gainsborough).—We do not quite understand your complaint. Who is it that "picks at" the wounded soldiers, and why?

A. C. R. S. (Upper Tooting, S.W.).—If you write at once to the Board of Agriculture you ought with luck to get a reply by Christmas. Meanwhile the only ways to "get on to a farm" are through the gate or over the fence.

T. S. (Co. Down).—Your two-page letter all about potatoes has made our mouth water. How could you be so cruel?

F. A. W. (Canning Town).—Sending photo of your pretty little girl, aged 3½, reading this journal, you ask, is she our youngest reader? On June 9th we recorded a Dartford boy reader, aged two. True, he reads us upside down, so perhaps his entry will be cancelled.

"BLUE BELL" (Greenock).—"Why are some 1912 pennies marked with an H.?" The notion is, by an initial letter, to direct your thoughts to Heaven. Or as a warning against a locality in the contrary direction.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Modern Magic!

How one lump of sugar does the work of three if used in Bird's Custard.

STEW your fruit with quarter or half the usual amount of sugar.

Make your Bird's Custard with the required quantity of sugar—2 oz. only—and pour it over the stewed fruit to stand before serving.

It is a simple scientific fact that sugar goes much further in its sweetening effect in the cream-like fluidity of Bird's Custard. In this way you get the utmost benefit from every crystal.

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The delicate Custard makes a pretty dish as it mingles with the fruit juice.

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Nutritious Custard

does the children good. It is the mainstay of light refreshing meals, adding the all-important nutriment to fruit.

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by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

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Your last chance!

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5th.

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Example.....
Bullet

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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....
Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 243, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5th.

Example.....
Bullet

Example.....
Bullet

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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....
Address.....

Closing Date, Thursday, July 5th.

Example.....
Bullet

Example.....
Bullet

(243) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....
Address.....

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 21st.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated June 30th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 243.

STERN REPRISALS
CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY
FULL OF SPIRIT
JOHN BULL
WHEN WOMAN VOTES
THE GERMAN NAVY
SEASIDE LODGINGS
HINDENBURG'S LOT
RAMSAY MACDONALD
HUGGING A DELUSION
SWEET NOTHINGS
WEARING THE TROUSERS
PEACE CRANKS
MY WIFE'S TONGUE
THE NEIGHBOURS
PUSHING THE PRAM
BRITISH TARS
SEASIDE DONKEY
PLUNDERING THE PEOPLE
CAUGHT BENDING
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM
PRESSING NEED
CAN'T TELL WHY
BAD START
BONE OF CONTENTION
SILLY CHAP
EXPECTING TOO MUCH
SAVING WIFE
IN THE AIR
HER RING
WHAT FATHER SAYS
REPAIRING HOME
MOST WORRYING WHEN
WAITING TO BE FETCHED
CONTROLLING PRICES
UP AND DOING
NEARLY FINISHED
NEXT FLAG DAY
THE KAISER'S LUCK

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—
UP AND DOING.
Bullet:—
NOT CUTHBERT'S IDEA.

Example:—
SILLY CHAP.
Bullet:—
ARGUED WITH THE MAGISTRATE.

Result of Competition 241 will be found on the opposite page.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Your last chance!

£1,000

"BULLETS" 1ST. PRIZE

3RD PRIZE £50

Result of 241st "Bullets Competition."

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

... PARRIS, "Formida," Victoria Road, Bexley.
Example:—CUT OFF JOINT.
Bullet:—"MAILED FIST" VERY SHORTLY.
(Sent in on a "Free Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. E. GRIFFIN, 416, Burnsford Rd., Wimbledon, London, S.W.
Example:—FEELING SORRY.
Bullet:—ONE "CAN'T HELP" SOMETIMES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. T. LAURANCE, 9, Granboro' St., Thornaby-on-Tees.
Example:—THE KAISER CAN'T.
Bullet:—"REASON WHY" WE'RE WINNING.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. T. M. PIKE, "The Nook," Margate:
THE KAISER CAN'T—"HELP" HIS "DESCENT."
Mr. C. NEAL, Burr Villa, Belvedere Road, Bexley Heath:
A GOOD SUBSTITUTE—AS WANTED FOR WORK.
(Sent in on a "Free Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. E. O. BUCKLEY, 1, Temple Street, Bradford, Manchester:
HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED—EACH LETS OTHER "THINK."
Mr. H. PEARLSTEIN, 27, Walden Street, London, E.:
ANNOYING GERMANY—WE'RE NOT "FINISHED" YET.
Mr. M. SHARPLES, 6, Latham Grove, Seaforth, Liverpool:
GOING TOO FAR—"PROHIBITING" A NATIONAL HOBBY.
Mr. A. J. BRIDLE, 17, Marlborough Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.:
KEEPING COOL—PITY RUSSIAN GUNS ARE.
Mr. W. PRATER, "Crantock," Newquay, Cornwall:
SAUSAGE MEAT—AMAZING—NEWSPAPER CYCLIST ISN'T.
Mrs. BARHAM, 9, Wolsey Street, Ipswich:
SOLD OUT—SO PROFITEER WANTS PEACE.
Mr. M. J. BRENNAN, Ivy House, Cratloe, Co. Clare:
REMAINS BEHIND—"WEEDS" ASTER "FLOWERS" GONE.
Mr. T. W. HINELEY, "The Nook," Teignmouth.
ANNOYING GERMANY—SITUATION "NOW AND THEN."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Pte. H. V. DAVIES, Buller Bcks., Aldershot:
TRYING TO SETTLE—TOMMY SAYS "HOLD ON."
Mr. C. PARKER, 9, Woodlands Rd., Aigburth, Liverpool:
SAUSAGE MEAT—BUTCHER'S "ALL IN" POLICY.
Miss T. E. MORRIS, P.O. Staff, Poole, Dorset:
CATCHING BACHELOR—"WATCH" "CHARM" THEN "CHAIN."
Mr. A. SLATFORD, 25, Howley Road, Croydon:
REMAINS BEHIND—"GOOD JOB" FOR HIM.
Mr. D. R. JONES, 21, John St., Resolven, nr. Neath:
GOING TOO FAR—INTO INQUIRY—GOVERNMENT SELDOM.
Mr. A. BRADLEY, 47, East Gate Street, Winchester:
GETTING OLD—QUARTERMASTER SELDOM TLINKS TUNIC.
Mr. E. BRITNELL, c.o. Y.M.C.A., Cromarty, Scotland:
PERHAPS—"THIS VERY DESIRABLE SITE."
Mr. T. P. PAGE, 253, Rothbury Terrace, Heaton-on-Tyne:
BEYOND CONTROL—CURIOSITY, WHEN STREET'S UP.
Pte. F. SHAW, 25, Vineyard Rd., Newport, Salop:
THE KAISER CAN'T—REST—THOUGH "DOG" TIRED.
Miss F. MAYNARD, 131, Wanstead Park Road, Ilford:
ANNOYING GERMANY—BRITISH "REPLACING" THEIR MEN.

Closing Date Thursday, July 5th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(243) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

KACZKA, 51, Great Titchfield Street, W.1. May [illegible]. 490,647.

CHARLES W. TOWLE, 20, Willow Road, Carlton, [illegible]. May 26th. A464,250.

DAVID MITCHELL, Ythell Cottage, Moffat Place, [illegible], Stirlingshire. May 26th. 199,136.

[illegible] F. WOOD, 108, High Street, Ryde, I.W. [illegible] 2nd. 358,047.

[illegible] GRIFFEY, 58, Birch Road, Southville, Bristol. [illegible] 2nd. 559,834.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue [illegible] the 23rd:—

[illegible]918	331,160	645,587	924,119	A246,055
[illegible]478	367,555	669,608	956,140	A289,589
[illegible],170	384,790	721,282	993,118	A321[illegible]
[illegible]3,795	420,500	736,344	A009,227	A[illegible]
[illegible]37,153	449,262	751,215	A036[illegible]	
[illegible]58,262	481,344	777,931	A0[illegible]	
[illegible]82,186	519,215	849,160	A	
[illegible]45,481	556,370	855,511		
[illegible]71,930	572,931	868,13[illegible]		
[illegible]02,124	620,367	880,40[illegible]		

The A prefix indicates [illegible]
The Fifty numbers [illegible]
announced in our [illegible]

WANT
[illegible]me
[illegible]e N
[illegible]ine
[illegible]

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200	Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding .. ..
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200	Loss of one quarter ing of damage
For the loss of one limb or	£100	..
Per week for total tem for a period not exceed		

THE INSURANCE POOL

FOR SELECTED RISKS

PRIVATE HOUSEHOLDERS' INSURANCES
NOW GIVE FREE COVER AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE FAMILY COMPREHENSIVE POLICY
at 4/6 per cent.
With Pool privileges (including annual distribution of Profits)
is the most complete and secure Policy & the cheapest.

LICENSED INSURANCE CORPORATION & GUARANTEE FUND, LD.
24, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1880

Sleepless and Nervous

A. B. on minesweeper made well and strong.

Able-Seaman F. A. INGRAM, No. 7213, R.N.V.R. c.o. Naval Base, Falmouth, says:—"I had nervous breakdown before I joined the Navy. I suffered a lot with sleeplessness, too, and though I had the best advice and attention I did not improve. When I joined up the change did me some good, but the sleeplessness was still there. My people thought I would never get over it. Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me in the end. I can honestly say they have made a new man of me. You must understand we want the best nerves for mine-sweeping, and since I have been on this ship, close on twelve months, I have not had a day's illness. I am thirty-two years of age, and feel like twenty as a result of taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Wasting Disease	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.
Of all Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.
2s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

INFORMATION
Information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in any case, free of charge, write to the Manager, 182, Tib Street, Manchester Road, Manchester.

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

"MADE BY THE D. R. CO., LTD."

That sentence is moulded on every Pericles tyre. It is an announcement by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., that the Pericles tyre is the best tyre at the price that 29 years' experience in cycle tyre manufacture can produce.

You owe it to yourself to know the maker's name.

Covers, W.O., 5/3. B.E., 5/6.
Tubes, 2/9.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS

PERICLES
Prince of Tyre
Shakespeare.